

# Iron County Register

BY ELLI D. AKE.

BRANTON, MISSOURI.

## LATEST IN HOSIERY.

Pockets Which Are Secure from the Highwayman's Depredations.

The old lady who insisted that she wanted no safer bank for her money than her own stocking is apparently vindicated by the latest novelty in hosiery.

Right on the outside of each stocking leg, near the top, was the cutest little pocket, woven into the stocking. Now, very few women have pockets in their dresses; at least none in their Paris dresses. Only women with tailor-made gowns, and black silk stripes down the outside seams of their skirts, like Ada Lewis, ever have enough pockets. But the minute the woman laid eyes on these stockings with pockets she knew the reason why, and all about it.

It didn't take a diagram to explain to her that those pockets were made for valuables. One woman promptly explained that they were intended for women to keep stray diamonds in. She asked:

"What highwayman would think of looking there for money, or what pick-pocket, even the most experienced, would expect to have to pick a pocket in a stocking?"

The colors in which the stockings with pockets are made lend weight to the idea that hereafter women dressed for the evening will not go down to dinner and leave their stray rings and jewels lying around upstairs for second-story burglars, but will sit down to tea in the privacy of their stockings that their jewels are safe in their stocking pockets.

Some of the prettiest designs are in evening colors—pale pink, cream lavender and blue. The pockets on these are always of a contrasting color, and are elaborately embroidered with silk in floral and vine designs. Around the pocket is another inch-deep row of the color before. Although it is the least of these and puts on gold garter clasps and fills the two little pockets with rolls of bills, she is altogether valuable.

Naturally, the woman who is accustomed to carry her wealth hidden in her stockings will at once take to pockets in her stockings, and the only marvel is that nobody has ever thought of the idea before. Although it is the least of these and puts on gold garter clasps and fills the two little pockets with rolls of bills, she is altogether valuable.

There is a belief that only elderly women and emigrants are given to securing ready cash where they can't get it without retiring to some sequestered corner. A woman who has been traveling continually declares that she got over being astonished at the number of cultivated women who are never sure their money or bills of exchange are safe except when stuffed down into their stockings.

A very clever business woman, the financial head and manager of a publishing business that clears its two partners \$10,000 each a year, never thinks of trusting all her traveling cash to even the inside pocket of her vest, but makes sure she has a reserve fund pinned inside her stockings.

In all the women's parlors in railway stations, and in the large shops, such numbers of women are seen daily taking rolls of bills from their hosiery hiding places that this little pocket on the stocking manifestly fills an ancient want.

This pocket comes above and on the outside of the knee. It is just wide enough to hold a good roll of bills, or a watch, or any small valuables the wearer may want to protect especially. Some of the pockets are five or six inches in depth; others a little less. The black stockings for street wear have deeper pockets and less elaborate decorations, and would easily hold a few thousand dollars and a couple of moderate-sized diamond necklaces.

The pockets are ornamented with some droll designs. The favorites are a primitive likeness of the man in the moon, a very lean-looking being pierced with a sky-blue dart, and the picture of a cat, which is in imitation of a catface, on which the hosiery is indicated by black numbers.—N. Y. World.

## WOMEN AS FARMERS.

The Outlook for Them to Make a Sure Profit Not So Glowing as It Is Told.

A very recent article on possibilities in feminine livelihoods pointed out the desirability of farming as a peculiarly delightful way for women to earn their living. Is the woman who writes this article, is so slow a return for time and money invested—she blinks the work entirely—that men are more and more dropping that for some employment that will yield them swifter returns on their capital. She thinks this a golden opportunity for her sisters to rush in and purchase farms. They will find the very thing that they seek, a quiet life, a moderate return for outlay and a chance to exercise their natural propensity for economies which masculine natures as naturally despise and resent. It would be interesting to have this lady point out who is to do the farm work. Is a woman, then, to milk the cows before daylight and in the biting cold and gloom of winter evenings? Is she to dig paths in the snow to "fodder the critters"? Is she to hoe corn and plant potatoes and hill beans? Is she to reap and mow and harvest? Or is she to hire all this and a million other "chores" done for her? And, in the latter case, where goes her "small but sure" profit? It is a crying shame that so many of these so-called "practical" hints for women's help are written exactly after the fashion immortalized in "Rudder Grange." Euphemism and her husband concocted a book in which it was demonstrated that a house could be furnished for an absurdly small sum. When the wife was called to account for some especially false item she ingeniously replied: "Yes, we had to make that so cheap, in order to stick to our assertion that the whole house could be supplied within the limit which we had set."

Philadelphian Press.

—The length of the Congo is believed to exceed 2,000 miles, and it drains an area of 8,000 square miles. In its lower course it is frequently more than five miles in width.

## CRADLE SONG.

There's a baby moon rocking far up in the sky,  
And the night wind is blowing a soft lullaby;  
And down, away down, in a mossy-lined nest,  
Are five little birdsies 'neath mother's warm breast.

O hushaby, little one, sleep!

Enfolded in arms that a loving hold keep,  
Another wee baby is rocking to sleep.  
A soft golden head presses close to my heart,  
And darkly fringed eyelids just droopily part.

O hushaby, little one, sleep!

The tiny star candles are lighting the way  
For blessed and sweet slumber to slumber town stray.  
But my baby's stars are its mother's brown eyes,  
And swinging and swaying, with eyes closing fast.

O hushaby, little one, sleep!

The silver moon-baby sinks low in the west,  
The chirping is hushed in the little brown nest,  
And, swinging and swaying, with eyes closing fast,  
My little one crosses the border at last.

O hushaby, little one, sleep!

—Pauline E. Camp, in Outlook.

## WON AT LAST

By Bernard Bigly.

CHAPTER I.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"Milly, dear, leave the coffee on the stove and be off to bed. The professor and I are going to have a pow-wow, and squaws are not wanted in the wigwag."

The scene was the interior of the prospector's cottage; the dramatic personae, Jack Wilders, his wife and Frank Grey; time, twenty-four hours after the events recorded in the last chapter.

"Squaw, indeed, Mr. Impudence," chirped the young wife, saucily. "I've a great mind to assert my woman's rights and sit up till midnight."

"Do, dear," said Wilders, "that's just what I was driving at. I know that the best way to keep you with us was to ask you to go."

"You savage man, I leave you; but remember, if you fail to bring Mr. Grey to our way of thinking, I shall believe that all your boasted tact is only strong enough to impose upon an unprotected female, who hasn't the courage to rebel."

"Ah!" the prospector mused, casting a fond, loving glance at the retreating figure of his wife. "Did you ever see such a woman? Nature made her, and broke the mold."

"Have you seen Wilders, Edgerly and the others?" Grey asked, too anxious to bandy compliments.

"Seen them! I've been running about all day, like a candidate, who wants to save his country by taking office."

"Well, the whole concern boiled down to facts means that Wilders holds two bowlers and the joker, and you are cured."

"But his charge is so utterly, wildly absurd. Surely the child's age might have protected her."

"Hold hard, Grey. You forget she's a boarding-school girl sixteen years old."

"What!" the schoolmaster's eyes flashed fire. "Have you a shadow of doubt in your mind concerning my innocence?"

"That you are sitting in this room; that you have just taken my Milly's hand in yours answers that question," said the prospector with dignity.

"I believe you. Now tell the worst."

"Well, Frank, my boy, you are just in this fix. If you stay here you may clear yourself, but you will never be able to relieve that young girl's character of the stigma cast upon it. Ill-natured people will say that where there is fire there must be smoke. A lie that's half a lie is always the worst to fight, as that poet that Milly's so sweet on, says."

"I see all this," Grey groaned.

"Well, the alternative is to fling up the sponge. Just quit and leave the game in Wilders' hands."

"What! That would be to confess our indiscretion. If the very children are gossiping about us—"

"Gossiping! There isn't a man, woman or child in the city has said one word about her, except those as

WILKINSON CONFRONTED HIM.

cheeks." Then turning to the girl, she asked: "Can they have finished their meal, my dear, get thee to thy room and fettle it oop a bit. O! 'all be wifey presently."

Grey seized on Elsie's absence as a good opportunity to finish packing, for he was haunted with a painful dread of arousing her suspicions of his permanent departure, feeling sure that a long farewell would be so hard for the dear child—aye, and for him, too; whereas if his plans did not fail he would slip away under the pretense of going to Chicago on a vacation, and be off without any painful betrayal of emotion.

But this was not to be. The last book was packed, the last belonging put away, the last long, lingering look out of the window at the lake, now a big plain of snow, fringed by the pine-clad hills, the last—Ah, what was that?

The door opened and Elsie Whitford confronted him.

A child! Good heavens, it seemed as if in a night she had grown into glorious womanhood. As she stood there in the strength of youth, her beauty the scales fell from the eyes of the unhappy man, and he knew he loved. Oh, how he longed to take her in his arms and tell her all he felt; but, between her and him was a chasm he dared not cross—not yet—but who knew what the future might bring forth?

She seemed very quiet and self-possessed—not a bit the emotion-tossed Elsie he had pictured to himself. Looking round the room at his corded boxes, she said very quietly:

"You are going to leave us for good, Mr. Grey, you are not coming back to Oretown?"

"Yes, Elsie, I am going away; you have guessed rightly."

The words and tone were cheerful, but she read in his eyes the pain the parting cost him.

"On account of the trouble you hinted at?" she asked.

"I guessed as much. And you thought to spare me the misery of a long farewell? Ah, that was kind of you—kind to the very last."

"Shall you miss me so much, Elsie?" Manlike he was disappointed at her equanimity, though he had so much dreaded an ebullient feeling.

"Good-by, Elsie!"

"Good-by, Mr. Grey!"

And that was all their parting, for at that moment the prospector drove to the door in his buggy to take Frank Grey to the depot.

## "And Mr. Edgerly?"

"Ah, he's a horse of another color; honest as the day, but his head will never ache from the weight of his brain. Wilders 'ull fix him, never fear. You agree to go, an' Edgerly 'ull right."

"And my friends of the night school, what will they say?"

"That you were bought off—sold them—got your pile and skipped."

"Then I must leave behind me the reputation of a villain?"

"As I said before, you must either sink yourself, or sacrifice the girl."

For a time there was silence. The young man sat watching the clouds of smoke that rose from his companion's pipe, as though in them he would read his fate. In imagination he saw the sweet, innocent, childish face with the brown hair clustering round it, the sad look of those pensive eyes, the trembling movement of that beautiful lip—and he held his hand out to Wilders and said:

"Jack, I'll go!"

"Spoken like a white man," cried the prospector. "Now we can go ahead with full steam on an' no danger signals out."

Long and earnestly they talked till the first shrill scream of a steam whistle roused the miners from their sleep and called them to another day's duties when they were but half rested from yesterday's.

"Stay a minute," Wilders said, as his guest rose to leave. "Milly wants me to give you this."

He handed the young man a bulky, sealed envelope, which he took from a table-drawer to business; my father and mother died when I was a lad, and I have never known other relatives."

"Praps," interrupted the corporal, jealously, "we shall see you tripping back with a trim little wife hanging on to your arm."

"No, Mr. Whitford; I never yet spoke one word of love to living woman," Grey declared in slow, impressive tones.

"Lord, but I pity your bad taste," grinned the corporal. "Why, when I was a lad in the royal marine, I—"

"How'd thy tongue, mon," Mrs. Whitford interjected. "Dunna thee see how thy foolish claver reddens Elsie's cheeks?"

Then turning to the girl, she asked: "Can they have finished their meal, my dear, get thee to thy room and fettle it oop a bit. O! 'all be wifey presently."

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The prospector's horse was just such an animal as he might be expected to own—a quick, rough Indian pony, with legs as clean as a deer's, which was by no means inclined to let the grass grow under his feet, but Wilders was afterwards wont to declare that it was the longest mile ever drove, for his companion was more uncomfortable than a widow at the loss of her first husband.

## As the steamer Idlewild pulled out

of the bay Grey sat gazing on the retreating land, wondering whether ever again he would see those inhospitable shores.

His heart was full of bitterness. Why had things gone so wrong? Well, yes, he had after all been indiscreet in his treatment to Elsie Whitford, but who would have expected such a child as she was to have grown into a woman in one single night?

Then he took from his pocket the package that Wilders had given him. There was a spell of sentiment over him now, and the dried gorse flowers would be a consolation, conveying many pleasant memories; but, when the envelope was torn open no yellow buds were there, only ten twenty-dollar bills wrapped in tissue paper and a letter in Mrs. Wilders' neat handwriting.

"Use this trifle with compunction. It is a free gift from your loving friends, Jack and Milly. If you will act of Congress, you passed gold was made the only standard of value in this country. That was a great error and was attended with infinite mischief in the United States."

In 1793 Mr. Hamilton and the patriotic statesmen of that day recognized in the system of our fathers the money; that is, he and they recognized silver as money as well as gold at the ratio of about 16 parts of silver as equivalent to one of gold. Under this regulation and coinage we were prosperous in 1873. When silver was devalued to its present ratio, the ratio of silver in the markets of the world was at a premium over gold. It is useless to go into reasons why this change was adopted in our system or by what unwise hands it was effected. The true policy of this country is to return to the system of our fathers. If the government should now, as it ought to, retrace its steps and provide for the free coinage of silver, as it does of gold, and make 412½ grains of standard silver equivalent to 25 8-10 grains of gold, silver would immediately return to its original dignity in the markets of the world in purchasing and debt-paying power. This is the real function of money and in this country this equality in this function at the ratio stated should be maintained."

"The debts and bonds of the United States provided for payment in gold or silver coin at the standard value. It was a great wrong to the taxpayers, on whom rests the payment of the public debt, to strike silver from the list of money as was done in 1873. It was that blow which changed the value of the property of the United States. More than half of the money of the world was at that time silver. The whole amount in the world in 1873 was estimated at \$8,000,000,000; of these \$4,500,000,000 were silver and \$3,500,000,000 were gold in round numbers. The ruinous consequences which attended this bad act of administration were in the failure of mercantile houses and business men, amounting to more than half the public debt of the United States within the last nine years. Now, I am for the free coinage of silver bullion just as of gold. Gold and silver should be put upon a perfect equality as of gold in the ratio of 16 to 1. This would not only add to the value of real estate and all sorts of property in the United States, but it would greatly encourage and stimulate the mining of silver in this country. In my view all the gold and silver that can be produced to our credit should be coined alike. The coin should be kept in the vaults of the treasury and certificates of it given in all cases where certificates are preferred. These coin certificates should be the currency of the country; it would be the best in the world. In this case we do not wish to burden the weight of either gold or silver in ordinary business transactions, extending to distant places in the country, but we do want a paper currency which is redeemable at the will of the holder in coin, dollar for dollar. Bank bills which are so common in use are only promises to pay in coin and are often issued in amounts of two and sometimes to three for one of coin in the vaults; but under the plan advocated by me the certificates would in no case represent anything but dollar for dollar."

Mr. Stephens further said "that the present depreciation of silver bullion and of the silver standard dollar arises solely from the degradation of silver by act of Congress in 1873. Let Congress declare, as it ought to, that 412½ grains of standard silver is and shall be equivalent to 25 8-10 grains of gold. If silver is purchasing and debt-paying power and instantly silver will be on a par, if not above par, compared with gold."

"To increase the quantity of silver in the present dollar of 412½ grains up to 480 grains, to make it equivalent to the present current value of 25 8-10 grains of gold, would be a great wrong to the laboring masses in the union whose taxes have to meet the public debt; the holders of the public debt at the time they received the bonds received them under the express stipulation that they were to be paid in United States coin, gold or silver, at its then standard value, and all that is wanting to make gold and silver equal, to make 412½ grains of silver equal in the markets of the world to 25 8-10 gold, is for Congress to put silver back on the list of the moneys of the United States as it was in 1873."

Falling Prices.

Contraction of the currency is the cause, and the sole cause, and ever was the cause of a general fall of prices. Our British gold standard has resulted in currency contraction. Contraction of the volume of currency appreciates the value of the dollar. Appreciation of money is denoted by falling prices, shrinkage of values, lowering of wages, enforced idleness for labor, all the ills from which we suffer in this land of great plenty. But why reiterate what has been said a thousand times by every man in public life who makes the least effort to represent the people.—Toledo (O.) News.

A Note of Warning.

In referring to politics in Tennessee and the next gubernatorial contest, the Hickman County (Tenn.) News sounds this note of warning to the dominant party in that state: "One thing is certain, the party must select a man who stands squarely on the financial question—a free silver man at that. There can be no dodging. The people are going to join in the fight and their wishes must be regarded. They are going to send delegates to the convention, and men seeking preferment at their hands must be in line with them or they will stand but little show."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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## VOICE FROM THE TOMB.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens on the De-gradation of Silver.

Georgia, was a statesman whose views on all subjects were universally respected, even by his political opponents. He died before the present silver agitation, but when he was in Congress he wrote a letter to a gentleman in California answering several inquiries on the question. The letter was dated January 26, 1882, and has been recently given to the public by the Atlanta Constitution. In speaking of the silver question Mr. Stephens said:

"The subject is one of the gravest that now occupies the attention of Congress and the thinking men throughout the United States. The reason that silver bullion has been depreciated since 1873 in this country is that Congress in February, 1873, struck silver from the lists of money of the United States. The moment that this act of Congress was passed gold was made the only standard of value in this country. That was a great error and was attended with infinite mischief in the United States."

In 1793 Mr. Hamilton and the patriotic statesmen of that day recognized in the system of our fathers the money; that is, he and they recognized silver as money as well as gold at the ratio of about 16 parts of silver as equivalent to one of gold. Under this regulation and coinage we were prosperous in 1873. When silver was devalued to its present ratio, the ratio of silver in the markets of the world was at a premium over gold. It is useless to go into reasons why this change was adopted in our system or by what unwise hands it was effected. The true policy of this country is to return to the system of our fathers. If the government should now, as it ought to, retrace its steps and provide for the free coinage of silver, as it does of gold, and make 412½ grains of standard silver equivalent to 25 8-10 grains of gold, silver would immediately return to its original dignity in the markets of the world in purchasing and debt-paying power. This is the real function of money and in this country this equality in this function at the ratio stated should be maintained."

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## TRULY ALARMING.

An Approaching Flood That Has Been Discussed by London Financiers.

The London Bankers' Magazine is appalled by the terrible menace of a "flood of gold." It declares that a careful review of all the facts bearing upon the question leads to the conclusion that there is "no imaginable limit to the future output of this precious metal;" that the immense pressure of the demand upon the stock of gold caused by the great commercial nations has so stimulated production in every part of the world that paying mines are becoming more and more numerous and more prolific every day.

"The first thought," it says, "with regard to such an overwhelming accumulation is that we shall not know what to do with it, how to use it, and how to make it available as a monetary standard without breaking down existing values;" and it gravely suggests that "serious disturbances" are likely to result. It is, indeed, a piteous case. According to the London Banker the value of gold has been greatly enhanced by the general adoption of the gold standard as to prodigiously increase the activity of the gold miners and the gold hunter; and now the champions of the gold standard are agnost at the frightful results of their own work. The danger they now see is that gold will be greatly enhanced by the general adoption of the gold standard as to prodigiously increase the activity of the gold miners and the gold hunter; and now the champions of the gold standard are agnost at the frightful results of their own work. 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